# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.*

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. II, No. 26.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1886. [Whole No. 52.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

## THE STARS OF NIGHT.

BY NENA C. THOMAS.

(*From the German of Arndt.*)

THE sun was making his journey wide
Around the world;
And the little stars said, "O let us ride
Around the world!"
"At home you must stay," the sun replies,
"For my light would burn out your twinkling eyes,
In the fiery ride around the world."

The stars to the gentle moon drew nigh,
In the night,
Entreating her, "Thou who art throned on high,
In the night,
With thee let us go; for thy beams so kind
Our twinkling eyes would never blind!"
And she led them along, her comrades of night.

Bright stars and dear moon, how welcome ye are,
In the night;
The thoughts of my heart ye can read from afar,
In the night.
Come with your heavenly lamps so fair,
That I may wander light-hearted, and share
With you in the joyous revels of night.

## THAT MISERABLE DOG.

BY SADIE L. PICKARD.

"WELL, they have come!" and Miss Clarissa peered through the vines that enveloped her little back piazza at her new neighbors who were just moving in. "Yes, there is a girl," catching sight of a blue seersucker dress, and a long braid of brown hair. "I did hope they wouldn't have any children. If there isn't, if *there isn't* a boy—and a dog, a miserable, good-for-nothing dog!" and Miss Clarissa glared at the innocent intruders as though she couldn't believe her own eyes.

"Now there wont be any quiet or rest. A boy and a dog!" Miss Clarissa groaned. "I'm glad I had the little gate nailed up tight first thing."

Rest and quiet meant a great deal to Miss Clarissa. For years she had lived all alone in the pretty little cottage, with its big old-fashioned garden, its apple, pear, and plum trees, that always bore so bountifully, and its bee-hives down in a sunny corner of the garden. Her former neighbors had been quiet people like herself. Their children, long since grown up, had gone to make homes for themselves. "The very nicest people in the world to live beside," Miss Clarissa would have told you. Kind and obliging they were, with no boys whistling and tramping round, and throwing stones, and with no girls begging your flowers and slips from your choicest plants. She supposed she could get along with girls, but boys—boys and dogs—she "just couldn't abide."

And to think, when all was so pleasant, Mr. Hammond's children should keep writing and begging him to sell and come to live with them in the West. And now it was all done so suddenly, that Miss Clarissa could hardly think they were going until they had really gone.

The very day they left, Miss Clarissa had the little gate that led from her garden into theirs nailed up—the gate through which she had so many times passed, carrying delicious cherries, apples, pears, and plums to her neighbors, and through which so many nice vegetables had been brought to her, for Mr. Hammond always had a fine vegetable garden, but no fruit, while Miss Clarissa had fruit in abundance but no vegetable garden. "And I never needed any," sighed Miss Clarissa now from her reconnoitering post on the leafy piazza, as she thought of this and other comforts that had gone with her neighbors.

"I never needed to raise a single thing any more than as if I was a boarder," she said to herself, regretfully. "Every thing right from their garden free and plenty. I guess I shall miss it all now.

"Well, if that girl isn't stopping work and throwing ball with her brother, just like some great boy! And hear that miserable dog!" (Miss Clarissa always used that adjective with dogs.) "His bark is enough to craze one. Now they are looking over into my garden. I would just like to hear what they are saying. Just let me catch that boy in here after my apples, that's all!"

Meantime the innocent objects of Miss Clarissa's wrath stood looking over the fence at the adjoining garden—a bright active boy some fifteen years old, and his sister a year younger, perhaps.

"Dick, do look at the hollyhocks, and those lovely old-fashioned pinks. What great bunches of phlox, and just smell the mignonette! How I wish I had some!"

"How I wish I had some of those apples!" replied Dick. "Sweetboughs, I'm sure. Just see them on the ground, as much as a bushel. I wonder if they wouldn't like me to eat them, just to save them. Look at the pears and plums; that is the place for me. I do wish father had bought it. We haven't a single fruit-tree. I'll just step over and call sometime when the folks are all gone. Here's an easy place to get over."

"Why, Dick, you wouldn't do that. It would be just stealing," said Lottie, indignantly.

"O, of course, I was only joking," laughed Dick. "But I would like to all the same. Come and pass ball again."

"Only joking, Master Dick. We'll see if you are only joking. I'll keep an eye on you," said Miss Clarissa, wrathfully, who had listened unseen.

There was no one in the village who had such fine house-plants as Miss Clarissa, and all through the long winter they were a source of pleasure and companionship to her. But the pride of her heart was a very rare lily, a friend having sent from over the ocean the bulb from which it grew.

It did not blossom until three years old, and would reach its third birthday about Christmas time. One evening Miss Clarissa stood watering her beloved lily. She showered it and turned it this way and that, and stood off to admire its graceful leaves, and fondly anticipated the time when she should watch its blossoming and enjoy its beauty and perfume.

Alas for anticipation! She at last set her leafy treasure on a barrel to drain, and turned to go into the house, when whizz! went a ball through the lily leaves, and then with an exultant bark a big dog bounced after the ball, tilting the

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

barrel and throwing the lily with a crash to the ground, its leaves torn and crushed and its roots broken.

"You miserable scamp," gasped Miss Clarissa, as Nero, who had rescued the ball, came bounding joyfully back to his master, who had just reached the spot. "You, you—" but for once words failed her as she looked at her ruined plant.

"O, Miss Clarissa, I am so sorry. I thought my ball would go over the fence into our garden. Let me help you take it up," said Dick, in real anguish.

"What are you in my garden for, I should like to know," cried Miss Clarissa, recovering her voice very speedily, as she lifted her poor lily and found how broken and crushed it was. "Stealing my fruit—that is what you are after."

"I haven't touched a single thing, not a single thing in your garden," protested the boy. "We were playing ball, Lottie and I, and it came over here, and I got over the fence to get it, and then I just went down to the end of the garden to look at the bees and came up through this way. I haven't touched a bit of your fruit."

"That's a likely story, young man. I don't believe a word of it. I heard you planning to steal apples the day you moved in, and that is what you are after now. 'Went down just to see the bees'—a pretty story. Now walk out of my garden, and if I catch you or that good-for-nothing, miserable dog of yours over here again, it wont be well for you. Stealing, of all things! If you wanted apples, why didn't you ask for them like a man?"

In vain poor Dick denied and explained. Miss Clarissa turned a deaf ear to all explanations. In vain Lottie brought over a choice rose-bush that would bloom at Christmas time, and Dick sent away for a beautiful lily to take the place of the favorite. Miss Clarissa would have none of them, and refused all overtures of peace. She mourned and would not be comforted. Her wrath did not abate, and as for Nero, she never missed an opportunity to throw a stone at him if he so much as poked his nose through the fence.

A lovely September day was drawing to a close, which had seemed unusually long to Miss Clarissa. Her neighbors had gone for a three days' visit and would return that night, and, although she would not confess it, she had missed them greatly—missed the merry voices and joyous laughter of Dick and Lottie, and the stir and life which they brought to the once quiet house. Even that miserable dog was company, as he went bounding out to meet them with welcoming bark, or stood on guard like some faithful sentinel.

"They wont be at home before dark," she said, as she stood at her door looking over to her neighbors' house. "Well, I must say, I would rather have them live there than nobody. There is such a thing as having it too quiet; and, after all, they seem like nice people. Perhaps that boy did tell the truth about coming over to get his ball. It's pleasanter to live neighborly, and I don't know but I have stood out about that lily more than I ought to. They wont be at home for two hours yet. I believe I will build a fire and get me a good hot supper, to pass the time away. It's been a dreadful long day somehow, and I only had a cold lunch for dinner. Yes, that is just what I will do," and she bustled about and built the fire and put the tea-kettle on to boil. "I wonder if any of those big plums are ripe yet. I will run down and see while the tea-kettle is boiling," she said to herself.

As she went down the garden she stopped to look over the fence at her neighbors' vegetables.

"I must say I do miss the vegetables Mrs. Hammond used to send in. I never saw this garden look better though. Do look at the big tomatoes dropping off and spoiling on the ground. It's a wicked shame to let things go to waste so. How I should like to have a good dish of tomatoes for my supper! It would taste better than any thing else, and there are bushels of them. I have half a mind to just step over and pick up two or three. They are rotting and doing nobody any good. In the morning I will hand the children a basket of those sweet apples. Here is a good place to get over. I believe I will. I don't want more than three, they are so large."

Miss Clarissa did not find it quite so easy, this "just stepping over the fence." But over she was at last.

"Well, I must say I never saw such tomatoes. I believe I will take a half-dozen, they look so nice, and I will tell the children they are welcome to all the apples they will pick up under the sweeting tree; there are at least a bushel. What splendid sweet corn! I've a mind to take two or three ears, I do love sweet corn so, and to-morrow I will give Mrs. Parker a peck of those preserving pears."

The corn proved too great a temptation, and she broke off several fine ears.

"There, now, if there isn't just what I want!" pausing beside a large onion bed. "I want just two or three onions for a soup to-morrow. They will never miss an onion or two, and I will give them a plate of those big plums, and I guess I may as well give Mrs. Parker some of those purple damsons. Mrs. Hammond used to say there was nothing like them for preserves."

Miss Clarissa, with her arms now well filled, sauntered slowly toward the fence.

"They look so nice, and are just spoiling here on the ground," she said, in an apologetic tone, "and I guess the people would rather have apples and pears and plums than a few tomatoes and a little corn."

So engrossed was she that she did not hear the soft roll of wheels until a bark from Nero startled her.

"My! if they haven't come, and I never heard a thing; but they can't see me from that side of the house." She hastened forward, dropping some of her tomatoes and corn in her hurry, and stooped to pick them up, not daring to leave them so near the fence, when there was a sharp bark, a quick spring, and Nero stood by her side, a wickedly triumphant look in his eyes.

"O that miserable dog!" she muttered. An angry bark was Nero's answer.

"Hush, hush; good doggy, nice doggy," and Miss Clarissa put out her hand in friendly recognition, but a growl made her hastily withdraw it.

"O what shall I do? I must get over the fence," and she made a step forward; but Nero put himself between her and the fence. "O what made me ever get over? I must get out. Good doggy, nice old fellow! Don't you know me, Nero?"

Again she attempted to reach the fence, but the dog with a savage growl seized her dress and shook it fiercely. Poor Miss Clarissa, frightened and trembling, made a hasty step backward, and her foot slipping on one of the fallen tomatoes, down she went, strewing corn, onions, and tomatoes over and around her.

"O what shall I do? *What shall I do?*" she groaned, in despair. "I mustn't let them find me here. I would rather be chewed all up, and die of hydrophoby."

She made another attempt to conciliate the dog, but he only growled and gazed at her with a very knowing pair of eyes.

"Nero, Nero, where are you, old fellow? What are you growling about?" These words and a boyish whistle gave warning that the dog had been heard.

"O," groaned poor Miss Clarissa, "I can never hold up my head again. It's just upon me though for stealing, for it is stealing, and nothing else, only it don't seem so, and I was going to give them four times as much as I took. Hush, hush, you miserable, wretched dog."

"I say, Lottie, let's see what Nero is having such a time over," called Dick.

"May be he has treed a squirrel," answered Lottie.

"Well, he has got something, that is sure. Here he is! Miss Clarissa!" and Dick, boy-fashion, gave a long low whistle as he saw her among the vegetables.

Miss Clarissa, with one beseeching look that would have touched a much harder heart than Dick's, burst into tears.

"Nero, you scamp, come here! Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?" as Nero, amazed at the stern tone when he had expected praise for his vigilance, reluctantly quitted his fallen captive.

"I am awfully sorry, Miss Clarissa," began Dick; "you are not hurt, are you? You see Nero don't know you very well, and he is a regular watch-dog. It's too bad. Let me help you up."

"O! O! it's just upon me. I don't know what you will think of me. I didn't—I didn't mean to take a single thing. I mean I was going to give you ever so much more—lots of fruit, all you wanted. O dear, O dear! I can never hold up my head again."

"O don't mind, Miss Clarissa, it's all right," comforted the boy. "Of course you were just as welcome as could be to take all you wanted. There is more than we know what to do with."

"Yes, but you will always think I am a thief, that I meant to steal," she wept.

"No, we wont. We wanted to send you in things as Mrs. Hammond used to, but you didn't seem to care about being very neighborly. Now please don't you mind this a bit, Miss Clarissa."

"Yes, don't mind, don't feel so badly," said Lottie, going to her side and kissing her, patting the bowed head tenderly. "We understand it right, don't we, Dick?"

"Of course we do," Dick said, "and I guess if Miss Clarissa only knew how much more we wanted some of her apples than we do this corn and stuff she would be glad to give us the chance to exchange things. Now don't you cry another bit. Nobody will know a thing about it except Lottie and me, and we understand it all just right. You were going to have a few of our vegetables and we some of your fruit, and that is just what we want."

"It's very good in you to be so kind to me when I have treated you so, and been so cross just for that old lily, and accused you of stealing," sobbed Miss Clarissa. "I don't see how you can be so generous to such a mean, cross old thing as I've been."

"Now, Miss Clarissa, you just stop calling yourself names," said Dick. "Of course, you felt cross when Nero smashed your lily. Mother said it was a very rare one."

"But I said you were in there stealing apples."

"O well, it did look so, in your grounds without permission. You know a boy is always supposed to be after apples when there are any to be found. Now let me help you up and over the fence, and then I'll hand over the things."

"O I can't take a thing."

"Yes, you must, or we shall think you don't feel that we understand it all right, and we do; honestly, now! And if you only knew how I wanted some apples you would say, 'Come right over, Dick, and help yourself.' "

"'And Lottie, too,' " chimed in his sister.

"You don't know how glad I am that you want to come," said Miss Clarissa, who began to feel easier. "I'll have the nails taken right out of the little gate the first thing in the morning, and I want you to feel just as much to home in my garden as you do in your own, and in my house, too—that is, if you feel as though you could abide such a sinful, wicked woman as I seem to be, because, truly, I never took the value of a pin before."

"Now you just stop, Miss Clarissa; don't you speak of yourself in that way. Lottie and I wont have it, will we, Lottie?" said Dick, as he devoured a big apple. "I guess we know you. Mrs. Hammond told mother you were one of the nicest women in the world, and we wouldn't have had a bit of trouble if it hadn't been for Nero and that lily. Any way we are going to be friends now."

But Miss Clarissa was a woman who hadn't many "mean bones," and the next morning she called on Mrs. Parker and made a full confession, telling just how it was. And Mrs. Parker with ready tact soothed her troubled conscience and restored her peace of mind and self-respect.

But nowhere will you find four firmer or happier friends than Miss Clarissa, Lottie, Dick, and "that miserable dog," for Miss Clarissa in the gratitude of her heart forgave and forgot, and ever after pronounced Nero "the only good dog" she ever knew.

## NUTS READY CRACKED.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

*** In certain parts of England dishonest milkmen make a false cream, with which to deceive their customers, by bruising garden snails in milk and boiling the compound. Though this is a fraud, it is harmless, for snails are eaten in all parts of Europe, and in former times were prepared in various ways as medicines. The garden snail used was brought to England by the Roman soldiers in the time of Cæsar, and now is spread abundantly over the whole of Great Britain.

*** In the diamond country of South Africa is a place which is very justly called Daniel's Den. It is a pit in the level prairie, the opening to which is very small, but admits to a large chamber below. This was formerly used by the savage natives as a place for keeping their war-prisoners; but now it is occupied by great numbers of huge snakes.

*** The coldest known point in the Old World is the village of Verkhoy-Ansk, which lies just east of the Lena River in latitude 67 deg. 30 min., on the border of the great Tundra. The average temperature for the whole year is only 4 deg. (Fahr.) above zero. The mean temperature for December is 46 deg., for January 55 deg. below, and for February 54 deg. below. In 1869 official reports show that the mercury went repeatedly below 70 deg., and once fell to 81 deg. Yet human beings live there.

*** In Japan New Year's day is devoted to calling upon friends and wishing them well; and one of the little customs belonging to this pleasant ceremony is the giving of the shells of a large kind of mussel called *awabi*. The reason for this seemingly worthless and not very elegant gift is that it is an emblem of the time, long ago, when their forefathers were so simple and frugal that their food was principally the mussels which they gathered on the rocks by the sea-shore. The shell bears a little warning, in this recollection, against the danger of too great delicacy and luxury.

*** One of the greatest pearl fisheries in the world is off the coast of Ceylon. Many of the pearls found are dull, and of no value in consequence. To give them the needed luster the Ceylonese fishermen feed them with grain to their chickens, knowing that the rubbing the pearls will undergo in the fowls' crops will give them the right polish. Only a small amount of rubbing is necessary, however, so that in a few minutes after the unfortunate chickens have had their costly meal they are killed, and the now shining pearls are removed, ready to become parts of some necklace or ear-ring.

*** In northern England, a long time ago, a curious means of gambling was practiced by the farmers in the shape of snail races. Having wagered a small piece of land, two rival snails were placed at the foot of a post, and the one which first reached to the top gained the land for its owner.

*** The dread of being bitten by spiders is uncalled for. No spider bites any thing except insects useful to him as food, or except when cornered and in self-defense. Notwithstanding the number of stings and pimples that are charged to spiders, undoubted cases of their biting the human skin are very rare; and the stories of death, insanity, and lameness from spider-bites are probably all untrue. This has been proved by experiments, of which Emerton's book details several, where naturalists allowed large spiders to bite their hands. The result in most cases was only what would follow the prick of a needle, or at most the bite of a mosquito. Once the finger, hand, and finally the arm inflamed for a short time, and then the trouble wholly passed away. Small birds bitten by some large spiders have died at once; while in many cases where spiders have bitten various insects nearly their own size the victim has survived, or died very slowly. The effects of the bite, even of the tarantula, have been grossly exaggerated, and the fear of it arises more from ignorance than experience.

## WHO IS THE RICHEST MAN?

WHO is the richest? The crowd said, "He
Whose pleasure boats sail upon every sea,
Whose villas rise upon mount and shore,
Whose gardens broider wide acres o'er,
Whose horses win at many a race,
Who hires the best seats at every place
Where show is seen or sweet music heard,
Who buys of the rarest for bower and board,
And never stays to count the cost,—
He is the richest—he spends the most."
But he squandered his all on his greed and pride;
And he was a beggar before he died.

Who is the richest? On 'Change they agreed,
"He who grudges his daily need,
Who earns the most and who spends the least,
He who wastes nothing on show or feast,
Friend or kinsman, but early and late,
O'er desk and ledger, has toiled and sate
From his dull youth up, till the gray hairs now
Are growing few on his furrowed brow,—
He should be richest, he's paid the cost;
He must be richest who saves the most."
But to him were love and care denied;
And he was a beggar when he died.

Who is the richest? Said no man,
He whose house and whose fare are plain,
Whose coat is old, and afoot who goes
To the homes of sickness, wants, and woes,
Who loves with his neighbor his all to share,
And, to make it more, on himself to spare
All that he can, nor count it lost.
Can he be rich, who foregoes the most;
Though, when he was dying, too, the poor
Swarmed with small offerings in his door?
Watched, and tended, and prayed, and cried—
Leaving no wealth, save of love, he died.

Ere the third day brought its morning light,
The three dead men rose up in the night,
And journeyed away to the far-off land,
And the street where the "many mansions" stand—
The spendthrift and miser, homeless there,
Knocked at many a gate with many a prayer,
But found all bolted, and stiff and stark
Wandered away in the haunted dark,
With teeth that chattered for fright and cold.
But the other saw, in letters of gold,
His name o'er a castle portal fair—
Through the mists of death that hung in the air—
Flash like lightning; and out there poured,
With a burst of music, a long, long horde
Of shining ones, that with sweet-voiced din
Thronged round him, and lifted and bore him in.
Cried the widow, "You made my heart sing for joy!"
"O, my father dear!" laughed the orphan boy,
"You sheltered me; you my famine fed;
You gave me a chance to earn honest bread."
And the prisoner shouted, "You came to me;
You brought me the truth that made me free!"
While the angels sang through the heavenly host,
"*He is the richest who gives the most.*"

—*S. H. Palfrey, in Lend a Hand.*

THERE is something better for us in the world than happiness. We take happiness as the incident of this, gladly and gratefully. We will add a thousand-fold to the happiness of the present in the fearlessness of the future which it brings; but we will not place happiness first, and thus cloud our heads with doubts and fill our hearts with discontent. In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.—*J. G. Holland.*

## DUST AND COBWEBS.

BY PANSY.

SHE wore on her head a dainty little sweeping-cap, and flourished in her hand a dusting-brush with a long handle. He sat before the study table whereon were strewn books and papers, none of which seemed to be taking his attention just then; he had pushed the papers from him, right and left, but a moment before, and wore a frown on his face, the result of deep thought or of slight dissatisfaction, it was hard to be sure which.

The long-handled brush swung perilously near to the inkstand on the study table, and the young man seized the end of it and looked up with a half-laugh at the owner.

"Is this thing for cobwebs?" he asked; "because if it is, you might use it in my defense. I believe my brains are enveloped in a mist of them. I can't think with any degree of clearness this morning."

"It is strong coffee instead of cobwebs," replied the young lady, with a significant nod of her shapely head. "I wonder at you, Charlie."

"Never mind the coffee; sit down here and give me a lecture on something of more importance to me just now."

"I can't sit down; the cobwebs are wound around my favorite vines, if they are not around your brains. Certainly, spiders are industrious. What is the subject of your study this morning?"

"Something not worth studying over, I half believe. After all, Nell, hasn't there been more commotion made about this matter of popular amusements than the thing deserves?"

His cousin gave him the benefit of a very searching glance for half a minute as she dropped lightly into the vacant chair near at hand, still swinging her duster in her left hand.

"Commotion? Where? I never heard a great deal. I am not sure it is a subject which has interested me very deeply. I have no personal quarrel with it, and perhaps have not given it much thought."

"By that very admission you stamp yourself as one among thousands. Don't you know that it is a subject which is occupying the thoughts of at least half the young people in the civilized world? What to do and how to do it in order to get the greatest possible amount of pleasure out of it, is the question of questions."

"Is it?" she asked, thoughtfully, then looking up with a bright smile. "What an admission for rational beings to have to make! Is amusement our highest aim, then?"

"O I don't say so. That is the trouble with you extremists; you seize a half-truth and swing off with it, and argue it into an utter falsehood."

"Am I an extremist, Charlie? I did not know it."

"Well, you know you disapprove of dancing and card-playing and theater-going and all that sort of thing; which is very well, of course, if you choose to do so. I am not going to coax you into an argument in those directions; but what I want to know is, what shall the young people do who ought to adopt your views? How shall they spend their time?"

"It is a solemn question," said Nell, settling the frill of her sweeping-cap, and looking with mock solemnity into her questioner's eyes. "Since I decide that I may not dance, nor play cards, nor attend theaters, what is there left in life worthy of my powers?"

"O, Nell, that is begging the question. No one pretends that there are not almost endless ways of occupying time; but I am talking now about amusement. Let us say that we take the world as it is; we shall have to, you know, whether we want to or not."

"No, Charlie, I deny that. The world as it is is sadly out of order; it needs setting to rights worse than this table does, which you can't deny you have littered in a dreadful manner."

"Never mind the world or the table just now. At least I don't want to hear about the world being in disorder; of

course it is, but I say, taking it as we find it, what shall we as sensible beings plan for its amusement?

"Let us suppose ourselves talking about that very small fraction of the world which busies itself during the day in sweeping and dusting—either actually or figuratively—and by evening positively needs some relaxation and amusement. What shall people who hold your views plan for them?"

"Well," said Nellie, thoughtfully, swinging her duster by one finger, "that is really an important question, and I will not deny that it is one which has cost me considerable thought, without, perhaps, having grown as wise as might be desirable. There is conversation."

"A lost art," said the cousin, scribbling very beautiful capital N's all over the sheet of paper before him. "I am surprised that a person of your penetration should even dare to suggest it! How many people do you know in society with whom it is a positive pleasure to hold a half-hour's conversation?"

"A few. I am always pleased to see Mrs. Esterbrook, because she is sure to have something delightful to say; something not only improving, but just as entertaining as possible; and an hour's visit from Dr. Dennis is as good as attending a first-class lecture—better, for he doesn't mind being interrupted, and asked all manner of questions."

"Dr. Dennis is one of a thousand. He has traveled with wide-open eyes, and has the interest of his fellow-creatures so much at heart that he makes deliberate preparation to entertain them; and as for Mrs. Esterbrook, she is one out of ten thousand; you know she doesn't class with common mortals, Nellie, and we are to take the world as we find it."

"But I didn't assent to that statement; I think we are to make the world better. Why should Mrs. Esterbrook, for instance, be one out of ten thousand? She has had no wonderful advantages; her education is simply good, not remarkable in any way; she has never been out of her own country; she has no more books than many others; she is only a bright, genial, warm-hearted woman who has studied the tastes of the people with whom she mingles, and treasured up from her resources that which she thinks may please them."

"Only you have described a genius."

"Then I insist that the world should be full of such geniuses. People ought to study what will interest and benefit their friends, and seek opportunities for securing and imparting such knowledge."

"Ought to! You will go off on a lecture as to what ought to be done. O that I could confine your soaring thoughts for a few minutes to the things which are, instead of the the things which should be! However, we will make a mental note of that as one of the remedies. A school, established by Mrs. Esterbrook, wherein she shall teach the art of intellectual pleasing, to the young ladies who will seek her tuition."

"It isn't a bad idea, Charlie, though you are poking fun at it. Why shouldn't the art of intellectual pleasing be studied? If conversation be indeed a lost art, as you gentlemen are fond of saying, why should not earnest effort be made to restore it? I know a dozen bright, pretty girls whom I would like to see under Mrs. Esterbrook's tuition, learning how to interest Harry Barnard, for instance, so that evening entertainments, so-called, will not be martyrdom to him. He is absorbed in bugs and birds and all sorts of crawling and flying creatures; and Annie Mills has a very pretty collection, and has been to parts of the country which poor Harry will probably never see, to secure them; he would be simply charmed if she should tell him about her bright-winged beetle, or her gray and brown moth; but she will never think of such a thing. Instead, when she finds herself beside him, she is frightened and miserable because he doesn't know how to toy with her fan, or rally her upon her dancing, or answer any of the hundred pretty nothings which she calls conversation. Those two serve as a specimen of what I mean. The world is full of them; they have ideas in common, and could interest and delight each other, but it never occurs to either of them to study the tastes of the other."

"I perceive the school to be a necessity; we will have Mrs. Esterbrook attend to it at once; but while it is in process of organization what shall be done?"

"There is always music."

"To the infinite regret of the majority of bored people there nearly always is. Can you, being of sane mind, set it down among the amusements! Think of being interrupted in the midst of a delightful conversation, with Mrs. Esterbrook, for instance, to sit through Carrie Barnett's rendering of 'List to the Mocking-bird,' or some other equally enchanting ditty!"

"That logic is worthy of Carrie Barnett herself. 'I don't care,' she affirms, with an emphatic toss of her little head, 'I think it is a great deal better to dance than to sit and gossip about one's neighbors; and I always shall think so.' Such a view of the subject narrows one's employments immensely, you see. Just as though there were no songs but the 'Mocking-bird,' which really isn't sung any more, even by Carrie; and just as though there were no singers but she."

"O I only used the poor bird because it mocked my misery so many times, years ago; the entire list of fashionable trash extant is not, in my judgment, an improvement on that style; and as for the average singer, I would as soon listen to Carrie. You will have to pass music as something to be endured, not enjoyed. What next?"

"Charlie Carlton, I shall do no such thing! It is absurd and horrid in you to turn off such an opportunity for entertainment in that style. I wouldn't have the average music. I would make it away above the average. Nearly all people enjoy certain styles of music, and what ought to be done is to fit the styles to the people. Don't you know, Charlie, how easily some things could be done which apparently are never thought of? For instance, how nicely you, who thoroughly understand music, could gather and train a choir of singers. You could select the music—glees, anthems, choruses—grand in sentiment, stirring in melody. Can't you imagine really enjoyable evenings spent in practice and most delightful rehearsals which young people would thoroughly enjoy? Then, what is to hinder one who understands how to do it from getting up a similar choir for young girls? Training their voices, selecting their music, and, by culture, making it possible for them to entertain their friends in a manner altogether delightful? It is because these things are left to chance, or to individual and perverted taste, that they become bores.

"You musical people are selfish. If you have a bit of classical music which three of you enjoy, you persist in singing it at a time when a dozen or more persons to whom it is even less interesting than the 'Mocking-bird' is to you are present to endure it. Those same people would like a ballad, and you three singers could give them one, but you think of your individual tastes, and not the needs of other people."

"My cheeks burn with shame, and I am humbly rebuked in all the ways you have mentioned or can mention. I shall organize a musical association at once, to prepare ballads for Mother Stevens and old Father Cole, and oratorios for Miss Almina Harrison; and, of course, being able to be all over our free and glorious country at one and the same time, the matter of attractive amusement may be considered settled."

"Egotist!" said Nellie, laughing. "There are two or three persons in the world besides yourself capable of managing a music class, and making it enjoyable if they only thought of it, or, thinking, were unselfish enough to do it. Don't you seriously think there is something in the idea?"

"A great deal in it. It opens possibilities which really ought to be worked up. More could undoubtedly be done with music at an ordinary evening entertainment than is now dreamed of. Yet, after all, it could only come in as a sort of sandwich to other things. As a rule, in these days, music is too long-drawn-out. The music lovers being selfish, as you so delicately hinted, are tempted to sing and sing, and

enjoy themselves, to the exclusion of others. Given the fact that we have our programme in that line arranged to perfection, with a genius at its head in each town and village, what shall we do between whiles?"

"I have always thought that a great deal more might be made of games than we usually find to be the case. There are such pleasant ones nowadays, and new styles being brought out constantly."

"Cards, do you mean?—'authors' for instance?"

"Yes, 'authors,'" the lady said, firmly, despite the sarcastic tone of her questioner. "There is a great deal of fun and some help to be gotten out of 'authors.' You very intellectual people, who are familiar with all the works of all the authors extant, are doubtless bored by the game. But I frankly own that all the knowledge I possess of certain writers—famous ones, too, in their line—I learned from a list of their books on 'authors' cards. I don't say that the information is worth a great deal, but I take it for what it is worth, and am rather glad when I hear a musty old volume spoken of with reverence by a certain style of mind, that I at least know the name of the author. Then there are people who are not even so well read as myself; they have very little time, and few books, and I insist that to familiarize them with great names and great titles, even in so superficial a way as in a game of cards, is suggestive and helpful in a degree; besides, as I said before, it is great fun."

"There are some very instructive games in vogue just now," the young man said, thoughtfully. "The games of Greek history, English literature, etc., really give one a pleasant review of work, and are in a degree helpful, I suppose, to those who have never studied those branches; certainly if 'authors' can be classed as helpful in any sense, these are far more so. I don't think I ever looked at them from quite your stand-point, but you may be right. However, I see one lion in the way. The people who know nothing of these studies are not going to submit themselves to the embarrassments of making blunders. I saw a poor fellow covered with blushes only a few days ago because he put Macaulay among the writers of the Chaucerian period."

"But he will not be likely to do it again," quoth Nellie. "They are educational, you see. Still, I appreciate your 'lion.' I know girls who couldn't be coaxed into playing those games unless a set of the cards were given them beforehand for a few days to 'look over and see if they liked the game,' you know. The nice little plan worked like a charm in one instance; that pretty Jennie Burns, who has such an ambition to know something, and has almost no opportunities, learned every question and answer on the English literature cards, and has delighted in the game ever since. But, Charlie, it is for those very people that 'authors' and others of less intellectual character fit in. Any one who can read can play 'authors,' or the quotation cards. I think those are interesting and delightful."

"You have gotten beyond my sphere. What are they?"

"Why, of the same general plan as 'authors.' The rules of the game are slightly more complicated, making the interest greater. There are choice quotations, couplets or even longer, from standard authors. Some of the choicest bits in the English language have strayed into my mind from those same cards. I cannot help thinking how really helpful they must be to some whose reading has been very limited. Then there is Logomachy, which I suppose you would consider fit only for child's play; but I passed a very pleasant hour not long ago playing it with my friend Deacon Turner and his daughter Eliza, and his son Joseph. It fell to my lot to entertain them, and I did it in that way, to their and my great satisfaction."

"Lo what! You have soared above me again."

"Logomachy, my classical cousin. In plain English, a game of words, or, in plainer English, a game of spelling. As simple as that two and two make four, but capable of causing much fun, and more or less instruction according to the capabilities of the players. You should have been a witness to Deacon Turner's extreme delight when he caught his daughter Eliza in an error of orthography. You will observe that I am intellectual in my tastes and believe in the educational in amusements."

"I observe one thing over which I am somewhat surprised. I had an impression that you would make a wholesale disposal of every thing in the form of cards—eschew them, you know, because of the people who can see no difference between such games and those which we set down as disreputable."

The becoming sweeping-cap gave a most decided negative to this suggestion.

"I do no such thing. I have thought it over carefully, Charlie, and I do not see occasion for such self-denial. There is a difference, and people who want to see it can do so. I boldly present my games, saying, 'Here they are, examine for yourselves; there is no chance about these, they are intellectual pastimes, no more to be objected to because they are printed on cards than your check is to be refused because you have used the same style of paper which the forger does. One must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it between those who are honest blunderers, and really cannot see differences, and those who are caviling because they have a habit of doing so, and cannot resist the temptation."

"But, Nellie, I have heard much the same kind of argument used by those who advocate the playing of whist, for instance, in home parlors for amusement only."

"Much the same, perhaps, and yet not the same; there are certain radical differences, I think. There is really no evil association about these games which I have mentioned, and every body knows it. The boy who plays them in his mother's parlor will be likely to meet them only in the parlors or libraries of other mothers—people of quiet tastes and intellectual tendencies. As soon as amusements of this sort begin to be used in gambling saloons and liquor dens, I for one will have none of them."

"Well, for the sake of the argument, we will admit into our list all games which have so much as a grain of skill in them, and are not habitually used for gambling purposes. But what are we to do with that large and respectable class of people who have not brains enough, or energy enough, or something to enable them to sit with patience through a game of any sort?"

"Charlie, have you taken a contract to amuse the world? Because if you have, I wouldn't; they need other things so much more than they do amusement. But I can tell you what I am doing for our girls this winter, and we are having real good times. Once a month we have a tableau and charade party. Certain rules are rigidly observed. First, we are to have no tableaux or charades that any one of a committee of five objects to. Secondly, we are to have no tableaux which require, in scenery or costume, other material than that which can be borrowed on the impulse of the hour from our friends and neighbors. Thirdly, we are to have nothing which requires more than one rehearsal, and that of a very informal character. Fourthly, we are on no account to spend over an hour of the evening in entertainments of this character."

"Fifthly," interrupted the satirical cousin, "you are never to get angry and bite and bark and scratch each other—all metaphorically, of course, because the cast is not set to suit the performers."

"We don't use any of those objectionable words, and we have every thing just as informal and social as possible. Each one in the committee selected for the evening has some one thing to do; our object is only to entertain our friends who have gathered to have a good time with us. The other hour is devoted to music and conversation. We frown on any thing like dissipation in the form of late hours."

"Who does the frowning? I should think it would need a giant intellect to keep all the 'secondlies' and 'thirdlies' in order, and to frown judiciously at the right moment. What else?"

"What else? Insatiable tyrant! What more would you have? Do you think I have nothing to do but plan amusement for you? There are other than card games—intellectual, too, in a way, 'What is my thought like?' being one of the best. Or the 'choosing' game, where one announces a thought, and is questioned concerning it, whether it belongs to the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdom. You know those games?"

"Yes, and I know people who could not tell to save their lives which set of articles classed with the mineral kingdom and which with the vegetable; they are hardly at home in the animal, even."

"Then they will listen and learn. You really cannot find amusements for people without brains, unless you keep them dancing. That is the only occupation I recall which requires no brains."

While she spoke her face grew grave, almost sad.

Charlie scribbled rapidly for a few minutes, then, just as he was about to speak, his cousin burst forth:

"Charlie, do you never feel saddened by it all? Sometimes when I look at the girls and the boys, young, bright, eager creatures, full of life and energy, tingling to their fingers' ends with force, I feel so disheartened when I remember that so much of the force is spent in efforts after a good time, this being really the aim. Only think of it! Disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, many of them, pledged to devote their time, strength, money, all to his service, frittering their best hours away seeking amusement. I tell you the world needs regenerating, and not merely the world, but the Christians who have professed to come out from it. If we could live as those who are only stopping here for a few days on our way to the king's palace, do you suppose we would have to be so constantly amused on the road? If the young people only could in some way be roused to a realization of their opportunities and their privileges and the Lord's intentions concerning them, their lives would be so full of eager, joyful work that the few recreations which they need could be readily supplied at small cost of time or nervous force. Don't you think so, Charlie?"

Before the young man could open his lips to answer, a clear voice called from the next room,

"Nellie, dear, are you busy? I would like a little help if you can give it. Where are you?"

"She is brushing away cobwebs and dust, Aunt Helen, and giving me material for my next interesting paper on the amusement question. I was at a loss how to commence, or to continue, for that matter, but the dust has been pretty thoroughly filliped around; that is all the ladies do with their dusters—I've watched them."

"O," said Nellie, "it is a paper on amusements! I could not imagine what had so deeply interested you in that question. I'm sure I wish you success, but I know I haven't given you a new idea. I wish I had one for you, or you had one for me; I don't believe there are any new ones. I'm not sure but it would be nice to go back to the days of 'auld lang syne' and play 'button button' occasionally. As for the 'dusting,' it isn't true; we don't 'fillip it around.'"

Then she vanished.

---

A Deceptive Truth.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch?"

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings, and a mutchin of the cratur."

"Is the watch a dacent one?"

"Sure, and I've had it twenty years, and it niver once desaved me."

"Well, here's your tin, and now tell me, does it go well?"

"It goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barrin' Dublin."

"Bad luke to you, Mike, then you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?"

"Sure and I did—nor did it—for I niver dipinded on it!"

Education may be defined as character-building, and by character I mean not simply those virtues which pertain to the moral development of man. By character I include physical conditions, mental powers, and religious qualities.—*E. H. Cook.*

## REST COMETH AFTER LABOR.

Thou bidd'st me labor—shall I seek for rest—
For peace of eve, ere yet the noon is high,
In unearned languor of sweet dreams to lie?
Nay, let me toil till in the golden west
The proud sun sinks, and earth, by night possessed,
Knows her brief day for labor is gone by.
Then wilt thou, Lord, to me, thy child, draw nigh,
And give, at last, thine utmost gift and best.

Then shall I find, at length, surcease of care—
Ease from the wounds that make life's sum of pain;
Then will thy glory flood my weary soul,
And into new worlds lift me unaware.
Do I not know how infinite that gain?
Shall not my swift feet hasten to that goal?

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

## LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

Traces of Voltaire—Biographical Sketch—Relics.

You have mentioned Voltaire's name among those whose association with Geneva ought to afford some interest to these letters. And you were right, for he spent in this city, or its vicinity, the last twenty-three years of his life, a period in which he wrote many of his works. He was born in Paris in 1694, and died there in 1778, aged eighty-four—in the same year in which Rousseau died, and about a decade before the French Revolution, to which they were the chief literary contributors. Christian travelers, therefore, as well as skeptics, feel an interest in the traces of him here—the interest which we usually take in all historical characters whether good or bad.

On a bright, cheery morning, a little American party of us set out on foot for the Delices, his first residence, in the northwest suburb of the city. In his day it was quite in the country—a beautiful sylvan villa. It is a spacious mansion of pleasant but not imposing aspect, shaded by old trees, beautified by flower gardens, and encompassed by ample grounds through which graveled paths lead to umbrageous retreats. Much of the neighboring land, now built upon, originally belonged to it; and it must have been a charming asylum for a literary exile. Voltaire found shelter here after his quarrel at Berlin with Frederick the Great; and while still under the interdict of the Sorbonne and the French court.

He was in the maturity of his powers (1755) when he arrived here, and had passed through an eventful, a restless, and a remarkably productive career. He had early won brilliant honors at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris; had abandoned the law for literature; had been initiated by his godfather, the Abbe de Châteaueauf, into the elegant society of the capital nobles, "grandes dames," "philosophes"—then generally skeptical and dissolute, and among whom he became a leading free-thinker.

He was hardly twenty years old when he began to scourge the times by his startling satires. A sarcasm on Louis XIV. cost him more than a year's imprisonment in the Bastile; but his vivid and energetic mind could not be repressed; he began there his epic, the "Henriade," and composed his "Œdipus," which in his twenty-fourth year was brought out on the Paris stage with such success that thenceforward he ranked among the greatest of French tragic writers. Then followed rapidly his other great dramas, down to his thirty-first year, when he was again imprisoned in the Bastile for six months. When liberated he was exiled, and sought refuge in England, where his skepticism was confirmed by Toland, Tindal, Collins, Bolingbroke, etc. It is a fact that both the infidelity of France and the rationalism of Germany sprung from the deism of England—a deism which was later re-enforced by

Gibbon, Hume, etc., and checked only by the Methodistic reformation; but only temporarily checked, as our own times show.

He clandestinely re-entered Paris, speculated in public funds, and became opulent for life; for he was as capable a financier as author, and prized wealth as a means of intellectual independence; he subsequently gave away most of his copyrights, enriching his publishers, and contented himself with the fame and power of his writings. In the five years after his return (1730) he crowned his reputation by a successful work each year, including several dramas, his "History of Charles XII.," and his "Letters from England."

The latter attacked the Church so severely that it was burned in Paris by the public executioner; and he had to conceal himself in Champagne, where, in the chateau of Madame du Châtelet, he spent five years editing the "Elements of the Philosophy of Newton," writing three of his greatest tragedies, his "Discourses on Man," his "Age of Louis XIV.," his "Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Europe," and his poem on Joan of Arc—the best of French or of European heroines—an unpardonable satire, for which I have heard John Quincy Adams speak of him in terms of detestation.

He visited the court of Berlin; on his return his own persecuting court received him to its favor and dispatched him again to Prussia on a mission which he successfully accomplished; he meanwhile (1743–1745) published three more brilliant poems; Madame de Pompadour became his patroness and correspondent; he was appointed Historiographer of France, and Gentleman of the Chamber of the King, and made Member of the Institute, whose doors had been twice shut against him. He had triumphed over all his enemies.

Four more great dramas followed rapidly. But his wit was never discreet, and he lost favor at Versailles, retreated to the court of the Duchess du Maine at Sceaux, to that of Stanislas at Nancy, and at last to that of Frederick the Great at Berlin, where he was made chamberlain with a pension of 20,000 francs. Carlyle tells his curious history there, and travelers are still eager to see the souvenirs of him in the Palace of Potsdam.

His irrepressible humor and sarcasms broke his relations with the court, and in 1753 he again had to beat a retreat. He traveled about Germany; was entertained at her minor courts; wrote his "Annals of the Empire;" sojourned at Strasbourg, Colmar, Lyons, and other French cities; but, forbidden to return to Paris, he came to Switzerland, resided some time at Lausanne, whose citizens he astonished and confounded by his wit; and, after setting them by the ears, some for and some against him, he intrenched himself here at the Delices, rich, renowned, the best known man of Europe, and, though sixty years old, still gay, poetic, satirical, and laughing at himself and all the world.

Here and at Ferney he wrote some of his most important works—his commentaries on Corneille, "History of Russia Under Peter the Great," "History of the Parliament of Paris," "Philosophy of History," "The Bible Commented," "Examination of Bolingbroke," "History of the Establishment of Christianity," "Philosophic Dictionary," and an almost endless variety of light poems, of satires, novels, tragedies, and comedies, besides an immense correspondence, not only with the Parisian "philosophes," but with the leading intellectual men of Europe, with famous women and princes—Frederick of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, and even with the pope himself; for the latter, besides being a somewhat liberal thinker, judged it best to conciliate the powerful old man, wrote him good-humored letters, and accepted the dedication of his tragedy on Mohammed.

We walked and talked some time in these beautiful grounds, and then took a carriage for his second home, about four miles westward, near the foot of the Juras.

After producing some of his most effective works at the Delices, and making there some of his most famous attempts to modernize, or, as he jocosely said, to "corrupt," Geneva, Voltaire retreated to Ferney, where his estate was on the boundary line, partly in France, partly in Switzerland, so that, if persecuted by one, he could, as he wrote, dodge to the other. The veteran jester here laughed at both; and shot out his sarcastic arrows over all Europe, setting most of the intellectual world laughing with him. He would have had reason to fear France had not nearly all its literary men, and many of its nobles, been his disciples. He intellectually ruled it while proscribed by its church and court; his dramas were the staples of its theaters; his teeming books kept it in continual excitement, his wit in continual hilarity, and his correspondence directed its thinkers, its "philosophes." In fine, he reigned at Ferney literary sovereign of Europe. As for Geneva, he smiled complacently at its gravity, its rigor, and its smallness. He used to say that by shaking his wig he could powder the whole republic.

On our way thither we passed some charming landscapes, thriving farms, and picturesque chateaux. At last we entered the renowned village. It extends along a main street for about a half-mile, and is much superior in cleanliness, neatness, and the size and comfortable aspect of its houses to ordinary French country towns; for, being founded by Voltaire, it is comparatively modern. It is esteemed one of his proudest monuments, for in gathering and governing its people he showed a really generous spirit. Their present descendants evidently respect his memory, his name is on their streets and signs, they have "Voltaire" inns, restaurants, cafés, etc. A central fountain is crowned by a bronze bust of him, and is seldom without votive wreaths.

Reaching the farther end of the village, you pass through a long avenue of stately trees to the chateau. There is not a single trace of the feudal style about it; on the contrary, it would be esteemed in America a cheerful and elegant country villa—long, but not high, with abundant windows looking down on parterres of flowers and an artistic grille fence in front, and in the rear on boskets, fountains, terraces, arbored walks, and woods, with a few statues, one inclosed tree, planted by Voltaire himself towering above all others, straight as an arrow, and rich in foliage—the finest specimen, it is said, in all these regions.

A terraced walk on the east side of these rear grounds is densely walled and roofed by the interlaced foliage of trees, also planted by Voltaire, with here and there window-like openings commanding enchanting landscapes and the finest view to be had anywhere of Mont Blanc. Here the "patriarch" was accustomed to walk and dictate to his secretary the works which for good or evil have shaken Europe for more than a hundred years.

What scepter or sword is equal to the pen? Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome (especially Rome), listened with eager apprehensions year after year for the utterances which went forth from this quiet retreat of an exiled author—sarcasms at which kings and prelates trembled—edicts more powerful than those of royal courts, and which struck away the foundations of European ecclesiasticism forever—for though their fragments remain they never can be reconstructed.

We entered the chateau. Two rooms are kept intact as Voltaire left them when he departed in 1778, on a visit to Paris, where in a few weeks he died. Here are his bed, his chairs embroidered by his niece, Madame Denis, portraits covering all the walls—one of his friend Lecain, who was the French Garrick of that day, and the chief representative of Voltaire's tragedies in Paris; another of the learned Madame du Châtelet, whose intimate relations with him form a marked feature in his history, and who is here represented as prettier than contemporary accounts report her; another of Frederick the Great, strikingly characteristic, with piercing blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and keenest aspect; it was sent to him by Frederick himself, for these two greatest European men of the period had become reconciled after their Berlin quarrel, and were again correspondents. There is a full-length portrait of Catherine of Russia, sent by herself, for she also was one of his admiring correspondents.

There are several busts and portraits of Voltaire himself,

one young and brilliant, and with that never-failing play of sarcastic humor which gleams from every feature of his published likenesses. Many old engravings remain on the walls—one of Franklin, another of Washington, some also of the leading French thinkers of the day. There is a striking sketch of "Voltaire and his Friends" at table, he reciting, while Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, La Harpe, etc., listen with eager attention. Father Adam, his simple-hearted, good-humored chaplain, is conspicuous in the group, intently carving—a satiric allusion to priestly habits.

Against one of the walls is a marble cenotaph, placed there by the Marquise de Villette, at whose house in Paris Voltaire died, and designed to enshrine his heart. One of its inscriptions reads, "His spirit is every-where, but his heart is here." Another reads, "My *manes* are consoled since my heart is in the midst of you." His heart, however, was never placed here; the marquise, whom he had educated and dowered as a daughter, and married to a marshal of France, long kept it inclosed in a gold casket, and it is now preserved in the National Library at Paris.

On the shaded avenue, immediately in front of the chateau, still stands, in good condition, the stone church built by Voltaire for his large family and his villagers. It bears high on its front a tablet famous for its profane egoism, with the inscription in Latin, "Erected to God by Voltaire." Side by side with Father Adam he led hither every Sunday from the chateau a procession of guests and servants for public worship. Father Adam figures in his correspondence with the Parisian "philosophes" as "not a man of astounding learning," but a good judge of table wine, and his amiable evening companion at chess.

Not far from the chapel once stood a theater; it was not here, however, that he fought out his battle with Geneva for the drama, but at the Delices, where he built a theater and opened it gratuitously to the citizens. The magistrates remonstrated, and instructed the pastors to visit the people from house to house to induce them not to enter it. It was hoped that none but his family and guests would be there, but the old jester triumphed. He procured Lecain, from Paris, hoping his European reputation would seduce the Genevese. A letter remains from a grave citizen detailing the opening events. He went out early in the afternoon to see how the people would behave about it, and saw many tending furtively across the bridge; he followed them and soon they were a throng. On reaching the edifice they tended into it, he with them, and found himself at last seated by the side of one of the very magistrates who had voted against the experiment. The house was crowded, and Lecain carried every thing before him, amidst clamorous applause. Voltaire in wig and the richest costume of the times sat on the stage rapturously applauding with his cane, as if he would shatter the floor, and ran to embrace Lecain at the end of each scene. The ice was effectually broken. On successive afternoons the building was thronged; the city had not carriages enough for the higher classes, and the vehicles of neighboring towns were in requisition.

Calvin's chair, now in the cathedral, was somehow or other obtained by Voltaire, and placed on the stage to be occupied by Lecain at appropriate points in the scene. He was determined that his own audacity should equal the stern gravity of the Genevese. This fact is mentioned in his letters.

A theater was subsequently erected within the city walls, where none had ever been allowed before; and the present one is its most gorgeous and costly structure. Rousseau wrote against Voltaire's attempt unavailingly, as I have related in a former letter. Voltaire used to say that his chateau was an inn for all Europe. Among his guests were the great actors and actresses of Paris, who spent their vacations in studying with him the impersonation of his dramatic characters. Geneva could not resist their attractions.

Thus far I have by implication, at least, somewhat characterized the man, but not sufficiently. I shall have something more to say of him.

## THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.

In her most interesting work, entitled "Unbeaten Tracts in Japan," Miss Bird relates a remarkable instance of the power of the Scriptures over criminals:

A portion of the New Testament, the only parts then translated and printed in Japanese, were given to the keeper of the prison at Otsu. This place is in the interior of Japan, and was beyond the reach of missionary instruction. If, then, these parts of holy writ were to affect aught, it must be through the witness they found in the consciences of the heathen who might read them. The officer of the prison, taking no interest in the books, gave them to a scholarly convict who had been incarcerated for manslaughter. Time passed, and nothing was heard from this precious gift. The living word seemed to be without effect. It seemed to have been thrown away on these heathen. But not so. A fire finally broke out in the Otsu prison. "Now is your opportunity," would be the natural thought to each of the hundred prisoners. But when all were looking to see them attempt an escape, every one of the prisoners helped to put out the flames, and voluntarily remained to serve the rest of his sentence. How could such honorable conduct be explained? It mystified the heathen authorities, and led to a careful investigation. This investigation developed the fact that the man-slaughterer had become so impressed with the truth of Christianity by studying the Scriptures which the officer had given him, that he had embraced the life-giving truth, and then had devoted himself to teaching his fellow-prisoners. Thus it was the power of the word of God which so wrought in these men. The circumstance led to the release of the man-slaughterer; but he preferred to remain in Otsu, that he might teach more of the "new way" to the prisoners.—*Watchman.*

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

Some months ago we described the marvelous way in which a young lady's profile was transferred to a brass tray under the influence of lightning. If the following incident is true we may have electric barber-shops, as well as lightning photograph galleries:

A story from France describes a very singular experience of a young woman in that country. While she was walking in a thunder-storm, under the shelter of an umbrella, she experienced a sudden strange sensation which filled her with apprehension, but was seemingly without other result. In was only on reaching her home, half an hour afterward, and on removing her hat, that every bit of hair on her head fell to the floor, and that she learned that she had been touched by a thunder-bolt in a most delicate and remarkable manner. Her head was shaven as cleanly, the story says, as though the work had been performed with a razor. As soon as the young woman learned what had happened to her, she was prostrated by a nervous shock, and the physician who attended her gave it as his opinion that she would not recover for several weeks.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The "Historian" of the "Boston Record" relates the following of a bright little Boston girl who coupled with her brightness the shrewdness of her Yankee fathers:

That great conflagration made the fortunes of some, and destroyed those of others. The family here referred to were severely crippled by the calamity, and were forced to economize in every practicable way until the business that maintained them got on its feet again. They moved into a small house in the suburbs, and the children of the family were denied many luxuries to which they had been accustomed.

A month or two after the fire a baby was born to the household, and was duly presented to little Ellen, a six-year-old daughter of the house.

"How do you like him, Ellen?" she was asked.

"O, he's very nice, but—"

"But what?"

"O, he's so awful little. But, then, I suppose he's as big as we can afford now."

## THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

Thoughtlessness is always bad. It wounds others by a careless act or word. It ruins our happiness and perhaps our whole existence by the aid which it lends to the formation of injurious habits. Of thoughtlessness in youth John Ruskin says:

In general, I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of the future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! When all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! When the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.*

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

*Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]


CERTAIN types of religious teaching separate Religion itself from the world it is intended to bless. Religion is, according to this notion, an affair by itself; not only "not of the world," but against the world. In trying to be heavenly it loses all hold on the earthly. It is a matter of days and places and given acts of worship. On other days, at other places, in other acts, it has no recognition. Earthly joys are, if not condemned, accounted as beyond the legitimate lines of religious life. The sunlight, the green trees, the pleasant fields, the murmuring waters, the singing birds, the beauty and sublimity of natural scenery, books of secular literature, social life, play, fun, Saturday afternoon tramps and excursions, evening company—all these things are excluded from the circle of religious life. They are necessary, indeed, but may easily divert the mind from things divine. They should therefore be discouraged in the interest of a truly pious life, or at least enjoyed with utmost caution. Thus religion becomes an unnatural thing. Certain mournful tones are struck when one speaks of it. It has to do with sick-rooms and funerals. All this is worse than misapprehension of the fact. It is both folly and sin.

---

RELIGION does relate to eternity, and it has to do with the feelings; and there is a tone of voice which is appropriate to the treatment of its reverent and holy themes. No affectionate and sensible boy would go to his mother's bedside while she was suffering acute pain, or drawing near to death, and talk in the same loud and rollicking way that he does on the play-ground. There is a manner of speech and bearing which befits certain circumstances and subjects; but one may substitute tone for reality, and suppose that if he has the manner he is also possessor of the substance. One may get a narrow notion of Religion—the very notion we have deprecated. The boy referred to, at his mother's bedside, may be quiet, and have a sad look on his face, and perhaps tears in his eyes. He may whisper softly for her sake, and his tone may be most solemn. This is well. It should not be otherwise. But he mistakes when he thinks that this is all necessary to love and its expression. See him on the play-ground, in one corner, with the grief of a grave-yard covering his face. He speaks in serious and suppressed tones. "What is the matter?" we ask. "O," he answers, "I am trying to love my mother." "Is she dying or very ill?" "No, no," he replies, "she has gone to the exposition, but I feel that I ought to love her more than I do." What do you think of the boy? Is he not very weak or very silly? Does love grow in such atmosphere? No. That atmosphere withers love. The boy has a false idea of love and how to promote it. He needs a shaking up. He needs something to make him rational and wholesome. Just such false ideas about religion prevail among certain people. Young minds are injured by them.

A GOOD old age is to be coveted, if only the heart keeps young. Pure-heartedness, right and high aims, avoidance of "dangerous" knowledge, freedom from evil passions, sympathy with others, and a love of holiness make old age fresh and charming. It is our duty to live as long as we can. We ought to want to live. We ought to try to live. If we are to be old it may seem to you that we have no especial need just at this time to begin to get ready for death. And with some people getting ready to die is the principal thing in religion. In fact, the way to prepare for death is to live well. How can we impress our young readers with the thought that true life is not to be measured by the nearness or remoteness of death? Indeed, death may be thought of too much. Religion has more to do with life than with death. We need to think of it as having to do with earth more than with heaven. It is a thing of to-day rather than to-morrow.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,"

says Bailey. Let us make this earth a heaven. Let us live in this present time as if it were (as it indeed is) eternity begun. Let us be influenced in the duties and delights of every day by the laws of the heavenly world. Let us live in the body according to the conditions of time, but in the body let us have the motives and spirit which belong to the celestial life. We may travel in that other country on wings as angels travel, and we may eat ambrosial food. Let us wait for wings and ambrosia till we are ready for or in need of them. Just now we ride on horseback, or in railway cars. Let us do it in a saintly way, without wings, and with due regard to speed, economy, and comfort. We now eat bread, butter, and beefsteak. Let us do it with proper attention to laws of digestion and of physical health generally, and not allow our pining after Paradise to interfere with a rational, reverent, unselfish, and useful life in this present age and this present year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

---

THE root of the heavenly life in the individual soul is truth. But it must be truth in life—vital truth. Of course, Jesus Christ is both Truth and Life, and he is the Way—the True Way to Life. He who believes in Jesus Christ, with the heart, is in the Way, and has in himself both Truth and Life. To have this truth and to be true—this is the essential thing. Then you are in harmony with truth every-where and always. And the every-day life proclaims, even without words, your preference for truth. Tears weigh little one way or the other. Profession and talk, useful in their way, are of comparatively little value. They get all their worth from the reality that lies back of them. Character tells in involuntary movements that little children can read. If you want a reputation for truth—be true. Would you have people think you refined? Be refined. A dancing master cannot make you truly graceful if you carry about with you a selfish soul. And with a true soul at root, you wont need nor will you want even one lesson from the dancing master. Beauty, grace, taste, true art—all come from character. True religion therefore is, so far as personal life is concerned, simple truth in character; truth in thought, truth in manners, truth in speech, truth in habit, out of a heart pure and loving; a heart possessed and governed by the Lord Jesus Christ. Seek this one thing, for it is the one thing needful. Keep seeking it three hundred

and sixty-five days every year. Don't wait for revivals and special meetings, but do not undervalue or neglect them. Let the will war against selfish desires, evil dispositions, low tastes, impatience, and ill-temper, and set itself to seek love, amiability, divine aspirations, and great calmness of spirit. Kitchens and school-rooms, streets, fields, shops, and parlors give as many religious opportunities as church buildings do with all the revivals, sermons, and prayer-meetings of a whole year. The first are as essential as the last. And our wise use of Church privileges will enable us to use well the opportunities of every-day life. These are old doctrines, but we repeat them in the hope that our young reader will think them over and live them out. Christians, like light-houses, need to shine three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year.

## OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for December 5, 1886. WORSHIPING GOD AND THE LAMB.—Rev. 5. 1–14. GOLDEN TEXT.—Rev. 5. 13.

PREFATORY. Having entered the great world of spiritual existence, the world of results, and of consummations, we must not be surprised at what we see. The end may be a legitimate fruit of the beginning—harvest after seed-sowing—but the end is different from the beginning. And we must remember that the descriptions we have here presented to us are full of figures of speech. They are not wholly literal. They give truth in symbols. The splendors of nature and of all literature are employed to express the glory, the purity, the delights of the celestial life. No mere human speech can give an idea of that life in its fullness. Nature is laid hold of in her varied forms and colors and movements to symbolize the surroundings and enjoyments of the future state.

INTERROGATORY. The Persons named or indicated in the lesson? Describe the "book." What was the "strong angel's" question? Why did John weep? What assurance did one of the elders give the weeping apostle? Describe the "Lamb." Describe the scene and recite the song at the taking of the book. Repeat the wonderful chorus of verses 11–14.

HOMILY. Out of the wonderful picture we gather most impressive lessons. A "throne," a "book," "seven seals," a "strong angel," a weeping witness, an "elder" giving consolation, a "Lion," a "Lamb," four living "creatures," "seven horns," "seven eyes," "seven spirits," "four and twenty elders," "harps," "golden vials," "odors," "a new song," many angels, and a marvelous song. How strange! Who can give the full meaning? No living man. But underneath and within all the mystery and splendor of the lesson are a few lessons we may all comprehend. The Book is a record of history and of prophecy. It contains truth about life and destiny. But it is "sealed" firmly and perfectly. Force might break the seals, but it is not a question of force. It is a question of "authority." Who can be found having a *right* to open the well-guarded volume and make known to the race and to angels the precious contents? Now we may care too little about such matters, but John wept much because no one could be found to reveal the hidden mystery. Some men risk life to make the sealed regions about the Arctic pole give up their secrets. Ambition or desire to know facts of science will inspire men to all manner of effort and of self-sacrifice. So John felt about religious truth and the fate of the race.

The Book of Destiny, with knowledge and power in it, could be opened by no living man. But One could do it. He had the right to do it. He had "prevailed" so that he might open the book and unloose the seven seals. It was the Lamb that was slain who took the book and thus awoke the thunders of celestial praise. Did the book contain truth? He who had come, God in the flesh, to be King of truth for the race, had power to interpret truth. Did the book contain official statements involving a King's power to forgive and exalt? He who had died for men had a right to take these official forms and fill them in with names of those who would accept pardon and heaven. And he had full right to sign such documents with his own royal hand. No wonder that as they remembered who he was and what he had done the multitudes rejoiced in that unparalleled praise-service of the heavens and the earth. Think of Christ as God-man, as Love incarnate, as King of kings, as the Resurrection and the Life, and then read this splendid story of the universal recognition. Will you share in the praise of the Lamb? Do you now share in it?

PRAYER. O Thou Lamb of God who wast slain and who hast redeemed to God Thine own people from every kindred and tongue and people and nation: Worthy art Thou to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. Amen.

## JOHNNY MASTEN'S SERMON.

THIS is a verbatim copy of a sermon written by little Johnny Masten, son of Rev. J. H. Masten, of North Cohocton, N. Y., not yet seven years of age. In the study with his father he was observed to be alternately taking down volumes from the shelves and writing (an art which he had himself picked up, not having been taught it), and when asked what he was doing said he was writing a sermon. The quotations were altogether his own selections:

It is early now, so I have time to say a little in the church and wake the people up. I have not got my watch, so I will have to guess this time, and I have not much to say, but I will say something. Most of the pastors have things to say, but I am out of that. My text will be found in Psalms, the first chapter and third verse.

Well, I must begin to say something about Christ our Holy One. You know him I guess, don't you? I think you do—I guess you have heard about him, haven't you? I think you have. Christ, the Holy One, is good, but wicked shall go down to Hell, but a "wise son maketh a glad father;" but sin is too bad; it is not given to man, it is not made for man, nor women, nor any thing, but for nothing.

It is said that a Russian soldier, one very cold night, kept duty between one sentry box and another. A poor working-man, moved with pity, took off his coat and lent it to the soldier to keep him warm, adding that he should reach home, while the soldier would be exposed out-of-doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterward the poor man was laid on his death-bed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear to him. "You have got my coat on," said the man. "Yes, it is the coat you lent me that cold night when I was on duty; you passed by, 'I was naked, and ye clothed me.' "

The rabbins report that when Joseph gathered much corn in Egypt he threw chaff into the Nile, that, flowing to the neighboring cities and nations more remote, they might know what abundance was laid up for them; so God hath thrown some husks to us in this world, that, tasting the sweetness thereof, we might aspire to his bounty above. If there be such glory thrown, if he gives us so much, to his enemies, what will he not give to his friends?

Zenocrates disputed so long about wisdom that Endamidas facetiously inquired what time he would have left to use it.

God is great with joy and happy. I love to be in joy, don't you? I do. I guess there is not a pastor round that is as full of joy as I am. I have sunk with joy. I have made sermons all my life, and have been a pastor all my life-time too; never been away a Sunday, no sir. If I went away I would come back again, yes sir, I would! Glory to God, I would! Praise the Lord—I go into it. If I don't, I try. Let us pray.
—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

## BEST BOOKS.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FROM A. C. ARMSTRONG, 714 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

*From Pole to Pole.* By Gordon Stables. Pp. 388.

FROM FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

*Angling Talks.* By G. Dawson. Pp. 78. Price, 50 cents.
*Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs.* By W. P. Stephens. Pp. 192. Price, $1 50.
*Canoe Handling.* By C. B. Vaux. Pp. 168. Price, $1.
*Forest and Stream Fables.* Pamphlet. Illustrated. Price, 10 cents.
*Forest Waters the Farm.* By S. W. Powell. Pp. 108. Price, 50 cents.
*From the Adirondacks to the Gulf.* By Dr. C. A. Neidé. Pp. 215. Price, $1 50.
*Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Pp. 160. Price, $1.

FROM D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

*First Book in Geology.* By Prof. N. S. Shaler. Pp. 255. Price, $1 10.

FROM PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA.

*Footprints in the Forest.* By Edward S. Ellis. Pp. 387. Price, $1 25.
*Helping Himself.* By Horatio Alger, Jr. Pp. 320. Price, $1 25.
*Joe Wayring at Home.* By Harry Castlemon. Pp. 413. Price, $1 25.
*Ways and Means.* By Margaret Vandegrift. Pp. 343.

FROM E. B. TREAT, NEW YORK.

*New Tabernacle Sermons.* By T. DeWitt Talmage. Pp. 410.

FROM STANDARD PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI.

*Letters to Our Children.* By J. A. Cunningham. Vol. I. Pp. 198. Price, $1.

FROM FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

*Abraham Lincoln. The Man and the President.* By W. O. Stoddard. Pp. 508. Price, $2 75.

## THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Let us, we repeat, increase the power of existing agencies and carry on what we have already begun. There is the class-meeting. "It is the glory of Methodism," says a Congregationalist. "It is the secret of your power," says a Presbyterian. "It is a splendid system for organization," says a Baptist. "I wish we could have it," says a Protestant Episcopalian (Low Church). Well, what are we who have it doing with it? Don't ask that question too loudly? We know how fanatical Methodists have misused it, and how frozen Methodists have abused it; but what a good thing it is for people to whom religious life is a reality! Why can we not have better class-meetings? Why not put more Scripture into them and more of the old hymns—quoted, if they cannot be sung? As for the quoting—that would be better very often than singing. Any body can quote. Somehow the reading of the hymn gives one more ideas than the singing. Now if there is any place on earth for hymns it is class-meeting. They tell experience—the gloomy and the glorious. They tell about temptations and sorrow and triumph. A hymn-reading or a hymn-quoting class-meeting would be rich and profitable. Let us try it. Stir up the people from the pulpit and at the prayer-meeting about class-meetings. Tell them they need not speak if they will only come. Don't make them speak. Ask and urge, and then stop. Silence is sometimes better than speech—even in a class-meeting. Let the Oxford League start a crusade in behalf of Scripture-reading, hymn-quoting, experience-giving class-meetings. Organize new class-meetings. Get good women to take charge of five or six people and look after them. Make your Sunday-school teachers class-leaders. Get at the personal longings of the people, old and young. Get souls at work for souls. Multiply such assistant pastors. Begin at once.

What religious power there is in song! Hear Mr. Sankey. Remember Mr. Bliss. Let the thunders of early Methodist music come rolling across the century to awaken us to the value of sanctified music. We well remember when every body in the congregation used to sing. If the preacher was a little late somebody started and every body joined in a hymn. No organ voluntary, no preliminary fragment of opera or oratorio from quartette or chorus choir, but simply a hymn. And it thundered forth—a preparation for the sermon by some son of thunder, a Boanerges of that early day. The great religious leaders of the day appreciate music as an aid. Hear Spurgeon's congregation sing. And Talmage's. With Mr. Moody you will have Mr. Sankey. In times of great national enthusiasm hear the people sing. Now the Church must not lose its hold on music. It must not be "run" by music, nor by the musicians. It must use music as not abusing it. Too often the modern "Praise Service" is a performance or an entertainment. It ought to be a service of worship for the promotion of true sentiment. The religious rather than the musical side ought to be emphasized. We therefore suggest a series of "Hymn Meetings" or "Hymn Services," the sole aim of which shall be, not improvement in singing, but spiritual growth by singing. Take an evening for it—not to draw a crowd, but to bless those who come. Read and sing hymns. Pray beforehand. Pray between hymns. Pray the hymns themselves, for a true hymn truly sung is a true prayer. Take one class of selections for an evening. "God's greatness and incomprehensibility and wisdom as set forth in the hymns of the Church;" "The peace of God;" "The witness of the Spirit;" "The trials of the Christian;" "The victory of the believer." But there is scarcely any end to the lines that may be developed in this way. Will the Oxford League begin these "Hymn Meetings?" Two people can study and pray over and enjoy and be built up by the hymn even if they cannot sing. Come, let us begin.

---

Does our Church utilize the local press? Would it not be practicable to insert notices in the neighborhood papers, daily or weekly, concerning every one of our public services? Might we not now and then insert an item, historical or denominational, which would give people a better understanding of the theory, history, antecedents, and relations of our Church? Why not have an Oxford League committee in every church, whose business it shall be to cultivate the local press in the interest of the Church?

---

We believe that every official board ought to hire a certain amount of space in the local papers for church notes and notices. Why should we go to worldly papers and ask favors of them? Let us purchase at the beginning of the year so many lines, or such a proportion of a column as may be necessary, and pay publishers of local papers for publishing our church announcements. They would certainly respect us for this business-like way of doing things, and would be much more likely to give us voluntary notices from time to time that would be of advantage.

## THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

### Falling Bodies.

It has been discovered by experiment that a body falling freely from a point of rest will descend 16 ft. the first second, and that its speed will increase 16 ft. each succeeding second. Therefore, suppose we drop a stone down a well, how far will it go in each second?

The first second it will go 16 ft.
The second it will go 32 ft.
The third it will go 48 ft.
The fourth it will go 64 ft., and so on.

By this principle one may tell the depth of a well in a simple way. For short distances it is possible to consider the speed of sound as instantaneous, that is, to suppose that you will hear the splash the moment the stone strikes the water.

Let us suppose that we drop a stone from a well curb and in four seconds we hear the splash. We know the stone fell 16 ft. the first second, 32 the second, etc. It is a simple matter to add these sums together, or, better still, add the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 together and multiply their sum by 16.

Of course, when the distances are great it is necessary to consider the speed with which sound travels in order to make the computations correct, but we cannot, in this department, go into the scientific and intricate rules which have been laid down by mathematicians. We want our readers to understand the principles upon which mechanics are based, and beyond that we need not go.

---

It is a fact that any motion given to a falling body in a horizontal direction does not affect the speed with which the body will fall. Suppose a fort is situated on a high rock in the midst of a great plain. From a cannon in this fort a ball is discharged in an exactly horizontal direction, and at the same time a ball is dropped from the side of the cannon's mouth to the plain below. By theory—and very nearly in practice—these two balls, one dropped from a position of rest and the other discharged from the cannon, will reach the plain at the same time, although at a great distance from each other. That is to say, gravitation acts just as strongly on the ball moving in a horizontal direction as the one dropped from a point of rest.

The same experiment may be tried by shooting one marble off a desk or table and dropping another at the same time. The great difficulty is in having them start simultaneously. Machines have been made by which one small ball is discharged and another dropped at the same time.

Perhaps some ingenious reader of Our Youth will devise a machine of this kind for his own use.

---

### Projected Bodies.

A body thrown vertically into the air will rise to a certain height which depends upon the impelling force, it will ascend with constantly decreasing force until it reaches a point of rest, and then descend according to the principle we have described—16 ft. the first second, 32 ft. the second second, 48 ft. the third second, and so on.

It is also a fact that gravitation will retard a rising body in exactly the same proportion that it accelerates a falling body. Suppose a ball be sent up at the rate of 160 ft. per second. The first second it will rise 160 ft. — 16 ft. = 144 ft. That is, at the end of the first second it will be going at the rate of 144 ft. per second. The second second it will rise 144 ft. — 32 ft. = 112 ft. The third, 112 — 48 = 64. The fourth 64 — 64 = 0. That is, at the end of four seconds it will come to a stand-still, and then begin to fall, reaching the ground in four seconds —just the time it took it to rise. From this it will be seen:

*That a body projected vertically upward at any rate of speed will rise to a certain height and then fall again, and that the times of rising and falling will be equal.*

---

### Literary Piracy.

A great deal has been said by Englishmen about the unscrupulous way in which American publishers issue British works in cheap form, and without giving the authors any remuneration. That this is done, is an unpleasant fact, and we hope that the present agitation in favor of an international copyright law will be successful. But this piracy is not confined to Americans by any means. In an English book-store the other day a correspondent of ours saw cheap editions of Holmes, Longfellow, Saxe, Lowell, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Mrs. L. C. Lillie, and many other well-known American authors.

The daily press, too, is full of uncredited items and humorous paragraphs from our leading papers. Taking up a cheap illustrated paper at random, our correspondent recognized out of some twenty pictures eight from "Puck," two from "Life," and three from other American sources. The German paper, "Fliegende Blaetter," which is one of Our Youth's foreign exchanges, furnishes a great deal of material to these English cheap illustrated journals.

We as a nation do not profess to be entirely guiltless in the matter of appropriating foreign material, but there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that our critical cousins are living in a glass house, and ought not to throw stones.

## RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

### Disappearance of a Lady.

We have already described in this department the two optical illusions, the "Sphinx" and "Thauma," and told how the tricks were performed. The latest deception, which is being exhibited in Paris, London, and New York, is called "The Disappearance of a Lady." A young girl is made to disappear from the platform instantly, and while the lights are turned on with full power.

No explanation of this trick has been printed as far as we know. We shall describe first just what the spectator sees, and then give an explanation of how the effect might be produced, for the sensation is too new to have been thoroughly exposed as yet.

Let us suppose ourselves sitting in a brightly lighted hall. On the curtained platform stands a clumsy, old-fashioned-looking, high-backed chair. Just behind it is a two-leaved, green baize screen, about six feet high, and placed close against the back curtain. A small piece of thin black silk and a newspaper lie on a neighboring table.

Now the magician enters, leading a young girl dressed in a simple white robe. After a short introduction the accommodating magician offers to send the young lady anywhere she wishes. True to her feminine nature, she chooses to visit Paris in search of a bonnet.

The master of ceremonies first spreads the newspaper on the floor and then places the chair upon it. He explains that the green baize screen is to prevent escape in that direction without the audience detecting it. When these preparations are complete the young girl takes her seat in the chair, and the magician throws over her the thin black silk covering mentioned above.

The outline of the figure is seen perfectly under the light envelope of silk. The newspaper also can be seen all around beneath the edge of the silk. After carefully covering the girl the magician walks about the stage, looks to the security of the screen, etc.

At length he returns to the chair where the young girl's form is still visible, seizes the silk, whisks it off suddenly amid a kind of buzzing and snapping—and, behold! the chair is empty. At the same moment a voice is heard in the back gallery, the vanished miss appears in that part of the hall, comes tripping down to the stage and makes her bow with the magician. Meantime the latter has shown the newspaper entire, in proof that the disappearance was not by way of a trap-door in the stage.

### How is it Done?

This is, of course, the first question that occurs to the spectator. We do not say that the following is a description of how the trick is performed, but simply a speculation as to how it might be done. In the first place it is quite certain that the girl does not go through the floor, for the edges of the newspaper are in sight all the time in front and on the sides. Second, the green screen is a suspicious object. The frank magician says that it is put there solely to protect the spectator from deception. A moment's thought will convince one that this is mere sophistry, for nothing could better serve this purpose than the hanging curtain, whose slightest movement would betray the passage of a body through or under it.

The screen is held firmly in place, then, and the lower half of it, hidden from view by the black covering over the chair, may be opened to admit a person, while the upper part stands in plain sight, innocent and immovable.

The chair is the main secret of the trick. We have said that it was heavy, clumsy, and high-backed. This chair must furnish an outline to take the place of the girl who crawls through the back of the chair and out under the screen before the audience realize that she is gone. The chair has extensions which pull up from the back to form head and shoulders, and push out from the seat to take the place of knees. A slight draught of air from a bellows behind keeps the thin screen from collapsing against the chair after the girl leaves.

By touching a spring the pieces are made to fly back into place, and it is this which makes the whirring and buzzing as the cover is removed.

The girl is given plenty of time to go by an outside passage to the back of the hall, and appear at just the right moment.

This, then, is our explanation of the trick. We may be—very probably are—wrong. Perhaps the reader has another explanation to offer. We shall be glad to print other speculations.

This deception is being given nightly at Egyptian Hall, in London. A French magician in Piccadilly causes a disappearance which is still more wonderful, but which we cannot very satisfactorily explain. We shall describe this latter trick in the near future.

### The Long Reach.

We give below the first of a series of tests in muscle and agility. Some rainy afternoon may be whiled away in attic or nursery with pursuits of this kind:

Chalk a line on the floor, and place the toes of both feet on it, being careful that they do not pass beyond; then throw forward either the right or left hand, no matter which, so far and no farther than you can easily spring back from and readily regain your upright position, without either moving the feet from the line, touching the floor with the hands in throwing them forward, or scraping the floor with them in the spring back. When you have in this manner ascertained the utmost distance to which you can stretch, and from which you can recover, without scraping the hands or altering the position of your feet, you must stretch as far forward as you possibly can, and while supporting the body upon one hand, chalk a line upon the floor with the other.

You may, in order to bring your body lower, move your feet backward from the line marked on the floor, and by so doing you will be enabled to make a much greater stretch than you could otherwise have done.

If you can manage to chalk two lines, your own length apart, it is a tolerably good stretch, but with a little practice you may chalk considerably farther than that measure. Some persons in performing this feat rest upon their elbows instead of their hands.

## OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

### MY BOOK-SHELF.

In the corner of my room, near the window, is my table on which are my books, papers, and writing-desk. Every morning before leaving for school I would put the table in as good order as I could, but someway it did not look neat, and each day I had to carry down two or three books to the library, until I finally came to the conclusion that if I had fewer things on the table it would be easier to keep it in order. But what was there that I did not use every day? I had to keep my pens and papers there; my dictionary and Latin grammar were in constant use. To be sure, a few books from the library were carried up to my room nearly every day, but these, too, I liked to have near me.

So I decided to start a humble opposition to the shelves in the library and have one in my own room. I asked my brother Fred if he could not put a shelf up for me over my table. He got a plain pine board, nailed two thin pieces of wood on each end, darkened it with walnut stain, and fastened it to the wall just under my favorite picture of the Madonna.

Now, the most pleasant, and at the same time the most difficult part of the work came—to decide which of my books I should choose. My Thomas à Kempis, in its worn leathern binding, was put in one corner; then Whittier, next to him Lowell, and, of course, Mrs. Browning must be there, so that I could go over the marked passages. I like to read Lamb by bits, and took up the "Essays of Elia," to have when I could steal a moment; then that reminded me of "The Autocrat," so that when I got in one of my unsatisfied moods I could read "Contentment," and laugh it off.

There were six; I had room for two more: one "The Old-Fashioned Girl," for I never tire of having a chat with Polly and Tom; the other, the "Letters of Eugénie de Guérin," for I cannot put the book down without wanting to write to some one.

That was all—not space for one more; and when I waken in the morning my eyes fall on the books the first thing, and even when I do not have time to open one of them, they help and cheer me.

Josephine A. Thorne.

---

A table ornament is made by cutting the top from a stiff straw sailor hat and fitting into the crown a round dish or pan filled with daisies, pansies, or violets. The brim rests on the table like a mat, and a blue or red band encircles the lower part of the crown. If flowers cannot be readily procured, the dish may be filled with compact foliage, and over the ribbon band artificial daisies may be placed; but they must be of a very natural appearance, and should never be allowed to appear if real flowers are in the dish. A more ornate effect can be given by gilding the hat and trimming it with a leather band either silvered or bronzed.—*Good Cheer.*

---

Eastport, Me.

Dear Girls: Brother Jack, just home from college, gave Grace and me this list of questions to answer within a month, and we want you of Our Youth to help us:

Give the name of the author of each of the following quotations:

"And down the slopes of sunset lead,
As up the hills of morn."

"Lady, kind lady! O let me go."

"Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?"

"O, but to feel the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet!"

"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

## THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

### Tunis.

(Area, 42,000 sq. miles; population, 2,100,000; ruler, Sidi Ali Bey.)

TUNIS, the smallest of the old "Barbary States," is bounded by Algeria, Tripoli, and the Mediterranean Sea. It is traversed by the Atlas Mountains, which end here, approaching the northern coast, which is high and rocky and indented with numerous bays. Here is the Gulf of Tunis inclosed between Capes Bon and Blanco, the most northern points of Africa. The southern coast is sandy, and there are large belts of desert in the country. The soil, however, is generally fertile, and the climate genial. The soil is tilled in primitive fashion, and produces wheat and barley, and the esparto grass, which is exported for paper-making. Figs, olives, oranges, dates, pomegranates, and almonds grow in abundance. Cattle, sheep, and horses are raised in large numbers, and wool and hides are among the leading exports. The foreign trade is mainly with Italy, France, and Great Britain. Tunis, ten miles south of the site of ancient Carthage, is the capital and chief city. The population of the country is composed of Arabs with a scanty sprinkling of Jews and scarcely any Europeans, Mohammedanism being the prevailing form of religion. There are about 200 miles of railroads in the kingdom, with 2,500 miles of telegraphs.

In very ancient times the Phenicians are said to have come from Palestine and founded Carthage in this northern projection of Africa. They here built up a powerful commercial nation, controlling Africa, Spain, and Sicily. Against Hannibal, the greatest Carthaginian general, Rome fought the most famous of her wars. In the end Rome overcame and destroyed Carthage, 146 B. C., and claimed the country as a Roman province. Roman authority was soon extended westward to the Atlantic. All this territory passed under the sway of the Eastern Empire, holding its court at Constantinople. But the inroads of the northern tribes which had captured Rome so weakened the power of the provincial governors that the whole region fell easily into the hands of the Arabs, who advanced westward in the seventh century, full of conquering zeal for their new religion. Throughout the Middle Ages the Moors were supreme in Northern Africa and in Spain, whence they were driven in the fifteenth century. In 1575 Tunis was annexed to the Ottoman Empire, then, as now, ruling at Constantinople. In the eighteenth century it was tributary to Algeria, but liberated itself within the present century. In 1871 the Sultan of Turkey abolished the customary tribute which Tunis had paid to Turkey, but established his sovereignty over the country in another manner. France, which had taken possession of Algeria, found that country subject to frequent invasions from Tunis, and in 1881 sent an army to stop the incursions. The French were successful, and took Tunis under their protection despite the protests of Italy and Turkey. A French minister-resident administers the government. French judges preside in the Tunisian courts, and Tunis seems to be on the road to complete incorporation with France.

### Death of ex-President Arthur.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, President of the United States from Sept. 19, 1881, to March 4, 1885, died at his home in New York city, Nov. 18, at the age of fifty-six. Ex-President Arthur was born in Fairfield, Vt., Oct. 5, 1830, his father being an Irishman and a Baptist minister. At fifteen years of age young Arthur entered Union College, where he was graduated four years later, after winning a distinguished place by his eminent social qualities. After teaching school for a few years, he studied law and was admitted to the New York bar.

He was a good lawyer, and his cordial, friendly nature fitted him for success in local politics. The foundations of the Republican Party had just been laid, and to this organization Mr. Arthur allied himself. In return for his political services he was made Quartermaster-General upon the staff of the Governor of New York in 1861. In this position it was his duty to equip and provision the great bodies of troops which his State sent to the Civil War, and he filled the difficult office ably and honestly. Allying himself with several skillful politicians he brought about the election of his friend Roscoe Conkling to the U. S. Senate, and he was himself appointed Collector of the Port of New York in 1871. He held this office until 1878. At the National Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1880, he was nominated for Vice-President of the United States in an effort to consolidate the party, which had not been unanimous in the nomination of Garfield for President. The Republican candidates were elected in November, 1880, and inaugurated in March, 1881. Four months later the President was shot by Guiteau, dying Sept. 19, 1881. Mr. Arthur immediately took the oath of office as President, and served out the remainder of the term.

President Arthur's administration was not marked by any event of unusual significance. But in his hands the dignity of the office was maintained, and when he became a private citizen in 1885 he took with him the cordial good feeling of intelligent persons of all parties.

While the ex-President was one of the keenest politicians of his time, he was also a warm-hearted companion and a faithful friend, a gentleman of refined culture, an honest and able servant of his country.

### Death of Charles Francis Adams.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS died in Boston, Nov. 21, aged seventy-nine years. He was born in Boston in 1807, and educated in Europe and at Harvard College, studying law but not practicing his profession. His wealth, education, and leisure led him to devote his time to the study of political questions, and he wrote many pamphlets upon the issues of the day.

In 1841 he entered the Massachusetts Legislature. The extension of the slave power was the one public issue of the next twenty years, and Adams took strong position against it. With him on many of the points at issue were such men as Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, and Whittier. In 1848 Adams was candidate for Vice-President on the "Free Soil" ticket, polling about 300,000 votes. In 1858 he went to Congress, where his full strength was exerted in opposition to the slave power. Lincoln appointed him minister to England in 1861, and he held this post—rendered extremely difficult by the constantly arising questions growing out of the war—for four years.

His course was able, dignified, and in general approved by his countrymen. After the war, when the Geneva Commission met to act upon our claims on Great Britain for damages done to our commerce by Confederate privateers built in England, Charles Francis Adams was appointed arbitrator, and filled the position with distinguished ability and success. In 1872 he came into prominence as a possible candidate for the presidency, but since that time his age and infirmities have kept him in retirement. Though somewhat aristocratic in temperament and cold in his bearing toward others, Mr. Adams was a man of high private and public character, of unblemished integrity, and firm devotion to principle. While he did not attain the office which his father and grandfather filled, his services to the republic are worthy to be classed with theirs.

### A Brief Survey.

THE official returns of California elect the Democratic candidate for governor by 632 plurality. The Republicans have most of the minor State offices, but the Democrats control the Legislature and will choose the next U. S. Senator.——The New Jersey Legislature is still in doubt, with the probability that the Democrats will have a majority of one upon a joint ballot for a U.S. Senator.——Heavy rains caused a land-slide near Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 18, masses of rock being hurled through the roofs of the Pullman cars of an express train on the Pan-handle Railroad. Three cars were wrecked, and several persons injured, of whom two are in a dangerous condition. ——The trial of McQuade, the second of the New York "Boodle Aldermen," began Nov. 18.——The Canadian Pacific Railroad has completed twenty miles of snow-sheds to protect their tracks through the mountains. Three thousand men have been employed in their construction, and the cost has been about $1,500,000. ——The storm of Nov. 17, 18, was unusually widespread. More than twenty vessels are reported lost on the Great Lakes.——The strike of the packers at Chicago continues. An attempt was made by some persons to poison the family of Mr. Armour, the leading spirit of the employers.——Another alleged anarchist plot has been discovered in Chicago. It is said that the water-works were to have been blown up and the city fired in many places.

The Spanish Parliament (*Cortes*) opened Nov. 18, the premier, Sagasta, announcing a long series of reform measures which would be presented by the government during the session.——Work has begun at Paris upon the grounds where the exhibition of 1889 is to be held. The exhibition is to commemorate the centennial of the French Revolution in 1789. Paul Bert, scientist and statesman, is dead at Anam, in Indo-China, where he was the French minister-resident.——A French railroad train was crushed by a fall of rock at Mont Gerves, killing nine persons and seriously wounding twenty others.——The Czar of Russia is said to favor one of his own subjects, Prince Nicholas, of Mingrelia, for the vacant throne of Bulgaria.——The tea-laden steamer, *Normantore*, foundered near the Japanese coast with seventy-two persons on board. Twelve reached the shore alive. ——The Scottish yacht, which is being built to sail for the *America's* Cup next autumn, will be called the *Thistle*.——Bandit raids are reported from Cuba, plantations being plundered, and buildings burned. ——General Cadena, in 1883 the unsuccessful candidate for President of Mexico, has been assassinated. ——The socialists of London held a big out-door meeting in Trafalgar Square, Nov. 21. About fifty thousand people took part. Considerable uneasiness was felt over the probable outcome of the meeting; but, with the exception of one or two small encounters between the police and the rough element, every thing passed off quietly.——All the Russian consuls have been withdrawn from Bulgaria. The French consul will protect Russian rights.


### A Good Reputation.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been before the public many years, and are every-where acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "*I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath.*"

They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price, 25 cents. For sale every-where, and only in boxes.

MESSRS. LOEBER BROS., of 119 and 121 Nassau St., manufacturers and dealers in drawing materials and photographic supplies, make a specialty of amateur outfits. For an intelligent young man or young woman what more appropriate Christmas gift could be selected than a photographic outfit? It will afford sensible and instructive amusement and unalloyed pleasure. Messrs. Loeber Bros. can furnish materials of any make as cheaply as any body, and can be relied upon as intelligent and trustworthy dealers in their line of goods.

## Publishers' Department.


### OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.

Subscriptions should commence December 1 or June 1.

**To all new subscribers for 1887 the paper will be sent from the beginning of the new volume, December 4, 1886, unless other directions are given.**

We can supply back numbers, in sets, from the beginning of publication, if desired, at the regular subscription price. Write for sample copies and terms to agents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary rate, twenty cents per agate line each insertion. Cash in advance. Reading notices, thirty cents per agate line. Net cash. No discount on reading notices. (One inch counts 14 lines.)

DISCOUNTS ALLOWED

according to the amount of the order, at the ordinary rate.

On $50 and over..... 25 per cent.
On $100 and over..... 30 " "
On $200 " " ..... 35 " "
On $300 " " ..... 40 " "
On $400 " " ..... 45 " "
On $500 " " ..... 50 " "

Copy should be received by us ten days before the date of the paper in which it is to appear.

All advertisements received subject to approval.

Sample copies free on application.

*In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in* OUR YOUTH.


### YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH THIS NUMBER

if it closes with the first year of the paper's existence as most of the subscriptions do. Do you realize that fact? Are you not going to renew your subscription for 1887? Can you afford to dismiss OUR YOUTH from your home now, with all its bright and helpful influences, its pleasant entertainment, its promise of still better things for the year to come?

Parents, teachers, do you appreciate the fact that OUR YOUTH is a *safe* paper to take into your homes and into your classes? It is not only safe but *positively beneficial* and helpful in its teachings, physically and intellectually, morally and spiritually.

Do our subscribers realize that OUR YOUTH is not only the *best* paper of its kind in the matter which it contains, but also the *cheapest.* We furnish *sixteen pages a week*, gotten up in the latest and best style of the printer's art. Just think of it! Fifty-two numbers a year, full of good things to help, to cheer, to amuse! *All for only* $1 25!!

We don't want to lose any of our old friends, but in a short time we shall have to part company unless arrangements are made meanwhile to continue our relations for another year. *Don't delay!* Send on your renewal at once.

The new serial "Thorn Apples" will begin in the next number. It will be exceedingly interesting from the start.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER ought to receive with this number of OUR YOUTH a copy of the *title-page and index* to the second volume of which this is the last number.

Should any subscriber by any mischance fail to receive the index, a postal card to the publishers will secure him a copy by return mail.

# RENEW! RENEW!

OUR YOUTH has now reached the conclusion of its first year. The new volume will begin December 4, 1886. It will continue its weekly visits to you through the ensuing year, PROVIDED you send on your RENEWAL in time. Let us urge you to do so AT ONCE, and so avoid the stoppage of your paper.

# CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

One of the best gifts for a young person is a

## BOUND VOLUME OF OUR YOUTH,

Or a set of the

## TWO VOLUMES FOR 1886.

These can be had in either of two handsome colors—blue or brown. Bound in full cloth in a unique style. Lettered on back and side in gilt. Sent to any address prepaid on receipt of $1 50 for either volume singly, $3 for the two volumes.

Subscribers for the coming year will also appreciate the gift of a

## BINDER,

which we will send to any address prepaid on receipt of the price, ONE DOLLAR. Address

PHILLIPS & HUNT,
Publishers of Our Youth,
805 Broadway, New York.


EDUCATIONAL.

**BOSTON UNIVERSITY.**

"Can I Study a year in Boston?"
Write for the University Year-Book—"free copy."

**SEYMOUR SMITH INSTITUTE,**
Pine Plains, N. Y., prepares for College. Healthful, homelike, select, thorough. Address
Rev. A. MATTICE, A.M., *Principal.*

**GLENWOOD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,**
Matawan, Monmouth Co., N. J., (N. Y. & L. B. R.R.)
Enl'g'd Faculty, Thoro' Instruction, New Furn. and Apparatus. Board, Tuition, Light, Washing, etc., $60 per qr. 52d year begins Sept. 15. J. CALVIN RICE, A.M., *Prin.*

**ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS**
For Sale by all Stationers.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., N. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**New Music for Xmas.**

**Christmas Service No. 9, The PROMISED ONE.**
A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture and song by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. The selections are admirable, and the Songs have all been written for the present season. 16 pp.
**Price, $4 per 100; 5 cts. each by mail.**

**Christmas Annual No. 17,** —Contains beautiful Carols by favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs for any Christmas Festival.
**Price, $3 per 100; 4 cts. each by mail.**

**"Santa Claus' Home," Our New Christmas Cantata.**
By Dr. W. H. DOANE. Is first-class in every particular. Splendid effects; easily rendered.
**Sent on receipt of 25 cents.**
*A full Catalogue sent on request.*
**BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.**

**LOVELY CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**

Christmas Gifts. Bells Across the Snow. Secret of a Happy Day. A New Year's Blessing. By Miss Havergal.
Retrospection. By Anna Shipton.
The Christian's Rosary. By Mrs. Helen E. Brown.
Wit and Wisdom from Shakespeare.
Echoes from the Psalms, and many other favorite poems.
Also a large variety of Children's Xmas Books. The story of George Washington. Santa Claus Greeting. The Night Before Xmas, etc., etc.
Our Books are bound in imported Xmas covers, also in Vellum and delicate Pebbled Goat, and tied with satin ribbon.
Frosted and Floral Mounts a specialty. Price, 25c. each. *Catalogues free. Liberal terms to Sunday-schools and Church fairs. Agents wanted.* Address
**IBBOTSON BROS.,** Richfield Springs, N. Y.

**AGENTS** Send for **E. B. TREAT'S** of new books, including **Mother, Home and Heaven.** 400 best authors. Prose and Poetry. Edited by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. $2.75 by mail. 180,000 sold.
A-LOC. TRADE MARK
**Curiosities of the Bible** (10,000) pertaining to persons, places and things, with Key. Also Bible Studies, Prayer topics, &c. Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 606 pages—$2.
**WOMEN'S HAND-BOOK, $2.** JUST ISSUED. A lady wanted in every town to introduce it. **Quick Sales. Big Pay.**
Address E. B. TREAT, Pub., 771 Broadway, N. Y.

**WE WANT AN AGENT**

In every town in the United States and in every Sunday-school and Young People's Association to represent OUR YOUTH. Liberal commissions. It will pay you. Address for particulars,
**PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.**

**A SAMPLE SELF-INKING STAMP,** which will print your name, or name, business, and address, also 25 Visiting Cards, large catalogue, etc., all mailed free for 50 cents (stamps) to all who will be agents.
**MODEL RUBBER STAMP CO., Baltimore, Md.**

**BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE**
Of any kind, send stamp to **A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,** for large Illustrated Price List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange.
**BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.**

**AN EASY WAY TO MAKE MONEY.**
Get one of our Photo' Outfits, with which ANY ONE CAN MAKE PICTURES.
Illustrated catalogue free.
**LOEBER BROS., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.**

*In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in* OUR YOUTH.

**PERRY & CO'S STEEL PENS**
**Of Superior Quality,** 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous **"U," Falcon,** and **Stub** pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 13.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO., *Sole Agents.* 753 B'way, N.Y.

## Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Inquisitive party—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?"

Pat—"No, sir; half of the time Oi cum down."—*The Judge.*

—A suburban paper announced before the election that James Tall and Madge Van Rensselaer were candidates for Aldermen in the Eleventh Assembly District. Mr. James Tallmadge Van Rensselaer is looking for the editor, loaded with grape-shot.—*Puck.*

—More money is needed now to keep the torch in Liberty's right hand lighted. It would be rather appropriate if in her left hand she held a contribution box.—*Boston Record.*

—Fond mother—"He does look like his father, doesn't he?"

Mr. B.—"Yes; but I shouldn't mind that, as long as he is healthy."—*Life.*

—Scrap of conversation between two ladies overheard on a suburban train a few mornings since:

"So George is at Harvard now?"

"O, yes; this is his second year, you know; he has just entered the sycamore class."—*Boston Record.*

—A cable dispatch stated that Mr. Gladstone, while felling a tree, routed a nest of wasps and "his face was terribly swollen from the effects of the insects' bites." A wasp that bites, when it carries a javelin in its rear, doesn't understand its business. American wasps don't bite. They know a little game worth two of that.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Lynn clergyman relates that on one occasion after marrying a couple an envelope was handed to him which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written, "We desire your prayers."—*Lynn (Mass.) Item.*

—"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it."

"Faix, mum, it's a-drinkin' it and brathing on the glass Oi'm a-doin'."—*Life.*

—A Model Cook-book.—Young husband—"My darling, what have you got those wagon washers on the table for?"

Young housewife—"Wagon washers, you mean old thing! those are doughnuts made after a newspaper recipe."

"O!"—*Boston Record.*

—Pythagoras believed that man came from a bean and returned to one. This happens every day in this country, especially in Boston. It is a common spectacle to see men come from beans and return to them at the corresponding meal next day.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mr. Parton says: "If Andrew Jackson heard a lamb bleat in the night, he would get up and see to it." O, well, we know a man, right here in Brooklyn, who is so tender-hearted that if he hears a kitten, even an infirm old kitten, mew in the night, he will get up and look after it!—with a gun.—*Burdette.*

—A descriptive writer thus concludes an affecting obituary in a Sussex County, N. J., paper:

"To all his friends he bid adieu,
A more sudden death one never knew,
As he was leading his horse to drink,
She kicked and killed him quicker than a wink."

This appeared in the Washington "Star" exactly as follows:

"Farewell dear little Robert Allen,
Gone to meet his dear departed pa;
In yonder lovely world up higher,
Where, by the golden throne of blazing fire,
He waits for his little brothers and his sisters and
HIS MA."

—Distinguished foreigner—"I am amazed at the luxuriance of your American hotels. I cannot understand how they can afford such lavish outlays."

American traveler—"You have not inquired for your bill, have you?"

"No."

"I thought not."—*Omaha World.*

—"O, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said an orator, recently, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.

"I'd like to know whar dey sell 'em," remarked an old colored man on the outskirts of the crowd.—*London Tit-Bits.*

**The Physician's Favorite.**

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

☞It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

**The Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.**

*150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.*

*EASILY PREPARED.* At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

☞*A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.*

WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Burlington, Vt.

**FOR DYSPEPSIA,**

**Mental and Physical Exhaustion,**

**Nervousness, Weakened Energy,**

INDIGESTION, Etc.

**Horsford's**

**ACID PHOSPHATE.**

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.

Recommended by physicians.

It makes a delicious drink.

Invigorating and strengthening.

Pamphlet f[illegible]

For sale by [illegible]ealers.

Rumford Chem[illegible] Works, Providence, R. I.

☞ BEW[illegible] OF IMITATIONS.

Rev H C Millman

**Moores Pi[illegible]**, positive cure for never fails[illegible] C. Moore, N.Y.City **CHILLS**

In writ[illegible]o advertisers mention Our Youth.

**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**

**The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.**

**PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.**

No preparation and only a common pen needed. Established **50 Years.** Superior and popular for decorative work on linen. Rec'd Centennial **Medal & Diploma.** Sold everywhere.

**Fall & Winter Dress Goods**

**James McCreery & Co.**

OFFER AMONG THEIR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL LINES:

A LARGE STOCK OF WOOL SERGES, 42 INCHES WIDE, AT 65 CENTS PER YARD. TWO LINES OF STRIPE AND CHECK CHEVIOTS AT 80 CENTS PER YARD; ALSO, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FALL COLORINGS IN HEAVY-WEIGHT CAMEL'S HAIR BEATRICE CLOTHS AT $1 PER YARD, WELL WORTH $1 50.

ORDERS BY MAIL FROM ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY WILL RECEIVE CAREFUL AND PROMPT ATTENTION. MENTION THIS PAPER.

**BROADWAY, cor. 11th STREET, N. Y.**

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas** and **Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

**THE**

**Washington's New Policy.**

**THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY** of New York presents the public with a

**NEW POLICY,**

comprising a combination of qualities which **makes it the perfection of life insurance.**

The Washington has these strong points to offer:

Residence, travel, and occupation unrestricted after two years.

An incontestable policy after three years.

Immediate settlement of claims.

Non-forfeitable dividends.

Dividends at end of first year.

Annual dividends from date of policy.

Steady growth for twenty-six years.

Surplus, nearly **$1,000,000.**

Assets, **$8,000,000.**

**Office: 21 Courtlandt Street, New York.**

W. H. BREWER, JR., *President.*

**BABY'S BIRTHDAY.**

**A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.**

**D. NEEDHAM'S SONS,**
116-118 Dearborn Street,
**CHICAGO.**

**Red Clover Blossoms,**

and **Fluid and Solid Extracts of the Blossoms.** The **best blood purifier** known. A remedy for Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough, etc. Send for circular. *Mention paper.*